

THE
WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY
IN

CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year. No. 35.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH
Commissioner.

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"TO THE TIGERS."

(See Article, p. 13.)

A Story of Loss and Love.

A SERVICE OF SONG.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ, AUXILIARY SECRETARY.

PART I.—A MOTHER'S FOND DESIRE.
Carefully a faithful mother, in a land across the sea,
Tried to teach her sweet young daughter what she wanted her to be;
And her heart's deep, fondest yearning was for this her only child,
That she might follow her Saviour—learn of Jesus, meek and mild,
Tenderly she watched her darling in the spring-time of her day,
Never dreaming that her footsteps from the path of right would stray;
Watching that her education had the strictest, fullest care,
For her many gifts and talents were so versatile and rare.
But a discontented spirit took possession of the girl,
And the home restraint she hated, longed for city life and whirl.
Loving Gertrude left the home-nest, with the roses climbing o'er,
Left the pretty rural village to seek, on a distant shore,
Worldly company and pleasure 'mid a new and changing throng,
Who were captured by her beauty, glad that she should be among
Them in all their gay amusement. One there was who sought her heart,
And elicited the promise that her life should be a part,
In the future, of his own life; many vows by both were made—
Vows fulfilled by letter only, in the spirit never paid.
Hasty marriages repented sow the seed of future strife,
Laying deep sorrow's foundations, blighting many a bright young life.
So it was with wilful Gertrude, she plunged madly into wrong,
Reckless in her desperation, gay she joined the giddy throng.

Song, B.J. 61. Sing altogether.

We are marching o'er the regions
Where the slavery of sin
Is enforced by hellish legions;
But we fight and we shall win.
Step by step we march along,
Never daunted, fearing none;
True liberty from self and Satan
Is our song.

Chorus.

March on, march on,
Heed not the cannon's roar;
March on, march on,
There's a crown when the battle's o'er.

PART II.—A PURPOSE PRACTISED.

On the outskirts of a city, ostracised by one and all,
Stood a house in isolation, lonely, quiet, grim, and tall.
Very rare within its precincts did folks of unsullied name
Enter, risking vile pollution in this citadel of shame.
Round it stretched the rolling prairie, as a mighty sea of green,
Plains of tossing, waving grain fields glinting fair in sunlight's sheen.
Smilingly the summer's sunshine, in a bright, effulgent stream,
Shed its glorious radiance broadcast, e'en sweet flowers reflect its gleam.
As the evening sun was dropping down behind a distant hill,
And the western breeze blew softly, all was peaceful, calm, and still,
Came down the prairie trail-path one with light and gladsome heart,

In the which a deep fixed purpose, that is of her life a part,
Burns with strong determination that she will these poor girls bless,
Who, tho' sad and oft despairing, never will their woes confess.

Sing altogether.

Throw out the lifeline with hand-quick and strong,
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
See, she is sinking; oh, hasten to-day,
And out with the lifeline, away and away.

Throw out the lifeline, throw out the lifeline,
Someone is drifting away;
Throw out the lifeline, throw out the lifeline,
Someone is sinking to-day.

But beneath the garish glitter, 'mid companions wild and gay,
Tried to hide their heart's dark sorrow painfully from day to day.
Strongest words were kindly spoken by the woman clad in blue,
Words of Christian hope and counsel, and a Saviour's love so true.
Listened to in graceful silence; even tears were seen to fall,

But all tears are ineffectual if the soul will not yield all
And announce its hidden darkness, coming to the "Lord of Light,"

Who will take of veriest weakness and make strength through His own might,
Blotting out the blackest sin-stains by His efficacious blood;
Thus, restoring peace and pardon, by faith in the Son of God.

Silently the young Christ-follower, while the twilight shadows fell,
After faithfully explaining joys of heaven and woes of hell,

Turned her tired footsteps homeward, o'er the Christ-rejectors' sad,
But withal within her own breast reigned a peace which made her glad.

Solo, B.B. 3, S.M. II. 1. Sing together.

In streets and lanes of sin's dark haunts,
Our flag of love we'll raise;
In spite of sneers the world may give,
We'll seek their souls to save.

Chorus.

Then we'll lift up the banner on high,
The Salvation banner of love;
We'll fight beneath its colors till we die,
Then march to our home above.

We'll fight in the Master's steps,
His aim our hearts shall fill;
Like Him, it shall be our delight,
To do our Father's will.

Other prayerful visits followed, earnest pleadings given in vain,
Till at last there came one more chance, which would ne'er return again;

'Twas availed of by the Captain, who these girls' best welfare sought;
She entreated, begged, implored them—for their souls' salvation sought.

"Now," cried Madam Gertrude, gaily, as she brushed away her tears,
"You have made me weep, dear Captain, which I have not done for years.
Pass my banjo," to a servant; "I will move the Captain's heart,"

Under my song's wierd, strange influence you will see her teardrops start."

Issued sweet harmonious music thro' her skillful fingers' power,

Touching strains of strong rich word-song she sang softly at that hour,

All unconscious that she never would her voice in song raise more,
That her oft-neglected chances of redemption would be o'er.

Chorus. Sing altogether.

You never can tell when the death-bell's tolling,
You never can tell when your end may be;
Cast your poor soul 'in the sin-cleansing fountain.

Come and get saved and happy be.

PART III.—THE MIDNIGHT CRY OF FIRE.

Midnight's darkness dense had fallen, many homes were rocked in sleep,
Weary childhood seeks refreshing, angel-guards their vigils keep.

Tired nature's sweet restorer was to worn-out nerves and brain
Giving rest, and food, and comfort, soothing fever, healing pain;

And while many a weary watcher longed for daylight's welcome dawn,
In one house dread consternation had of every courage shorn—

All who, but a few hours previous, careless, godless, laughing, gay,
Drank, and sinned, and gambled, wasted precious hours of life away,

Roused by suffocating smoke-clouds and hot waves of curling flame,
Dashing seething through their dwelling, threatening each inmate to claim

For its prey, its trembling victim, the fire-fiend went surging on,
Cutting off all chance of rescue, every hope was all but gone.

Each poor girl was thrilled with horror as she realized her fate,
And she saw her dreadful danger that e'en now she was too late

To escape the awful sufferings of so terrible a death,
That her life would be extinguished by the fire-monster's breath.

Hopeless shrieks of direst anguish, fierce excruciating pain,
Rang out through the stricken household, rent the midnight air again.

E'en among those sinful women there was one with kind heart brave,
Who herself a willing offering for her vile companions gave;

But futile were all her efforts, though she struggled hard and long,
Her associates of evil died the crashing walls among;

Perished beneath the burning timbers as they lived—how sad, but true,
For they wilfully rejected oft the messenger in blue.

Solo. Chorus altogether.

Should the death-angel knock at your chamber
In the still watch of to-night,
Say, will your soul pass into torment,
Or to the land of delight?

Chorus.

Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready,
If the death-angel should call?
Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready?
Mercy stands waiting for all.

She had told of love infinite, and of mercy's day of grace,
Too, that every Christ-rejector shall be banished from the face

Of the Everlasting Father, and the gracious Lord of Life,
Into punishment eternal, dark despair, remorse, and strife.

What about the Madam Gertrude as the crumbling walls fell in?
She was fleeing through the darkness from her late abode of sin;

Matters not the stinging sharpness of extremest North-West cold,
Or that her night-robes are scanty—scarce her poor form they enfold.

She had bravely fought and struggled in the blinding smoke and heat
That she might save her companions, in this having but defeat.

There was nothing left to her then but to quickly rush away

To the nearest place of refuge, thinking, perchance, she might stay
Injured much by falling fire-brands, suffering, too, from the night air—

Below zero, more than thirty, registered the mercury there.

On she sped, with none to help her, at a cottage door alone,
More than a full half-mile distant, she sank with despairing groan.

Solo, B.J. 69. Chorus altogether.
Afar from heaven thy feet have wandered,
Afar from God thy soul has strayed;
His gifts in sin thy hands have squandered,
Yet still in love He calls thee home.

Chorus.

God is near thee, tell thy story,
He will hear thy tale of sorrow;
God is near thee, and in mercy
He will welcome thy return.

Thy feet have found sin's way is thorny,
Thy heart has found its pleasure vain,
Thou hast grown weary, and about thee
The gloom has spread of dark despair.

♦ ♦ ♦

PART IV.—AN URGENT CALL ANSWERED.

When the earliest dawn or morning tipped the distant prairie land,
O'er the glistening snow-path quickly, in response to a demand
For her presence, came the Captain to the stricken Gertrude's side.
No requests for help or succor came to her to be denied.
She found Gertrude lying prostrate in the little cottage home,
Whose kind shelter had received her when as stranger she had come;
They had found her on the doorstep in a burnt and frozen plight,
Her poor tortured body's suffering was a pitiable sight
To behold, but restoratives were applied without delay,
Consciousness and reason coming to her with the opening day.
When she saw the faithful caller of the old-time sinful past,
She exclaimed: "O Captain, darling, what have I come to at last?
I am glad that you have found me, you are now my only friend,
And I trust you will not leave me; do stay with me to the end."

Solo. Chorus altogether.
I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend,
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.

And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

Chorus.

He is a Friend indeed, a Friend in time of need;
Gracious and tender has Jesus been to me;
Oh, how He loves, and bears my every burden,
He is the only Friend that sinners ever need.
Soon engaged as chief attendant at the dying sufferer's side,
Captain Nellie was determined that all her love could provide
Should be given the lonely Gertrude, if e'en yet she might repent;
Perhaps, by a loving Father, this last providence was sent
As a final invitation to win her still by His love,
That, if not on earth, she might be happy in a home above.

By distracting, wrongful pleasure; happiness she'd sought to win,
But her life had been a failure, full of disappointing sin.
After some few days of anguish, bravely borne without a moan,
Gertrude begged the Captain Nellie to remove her to her home.
Acquiesced her benefactor, so one bright, cold winter day
Gertrude—poor, weak, suffering Gertrude—was removed without delay
To the little Army quarters in the city just near by;
"Twas a haven of true refuge, a quiet spot where she might die
Unmolested by the turmoil of a sinful world's fierce strife,
Where, now, to her heart's deep sorrow, she had spent a wasted life.

Solo. Chorus altogether.

Thou hast wandered day by day
From the straight and narrow way;
Yet to Thee does Jesus say:
"Oh, come to Me, the sinner's Saviour."
Chorus.

Heavy is thy load of sin,
But bring it to the sinner's Saviour.
Thy poor heart is stained with sin,
But bring it to the sinner's Saviour.
Only He can set thee free,
Who waits to be a friend to thee;
Dark indeed thy past has been,
But bring it to the sinner's Saviour.

PART V.—A TWILIGHT SONG.

Chimed so soft the bells of evening, calling worshippers to pray
And give thanks for all the blessings of the Christian's Sabbath Day,
And while many steps were treading towards the mission, church, or hall,
In a plain, but cosy, chamber, Gertrude waits her Master's call.
Peace has superseded tumult, and now reigns within her breast,
For her heart had ceased resisting love Divine, and is at rest.
It has been a long-fought struggle, mixed with shame, that she should bring
Such a blank, polluted catalogue of transgression to the King.
Captain Nellie's earnest pleadings have o'er all her fears prevailed,
And she's ultimately conquered, where she feared for months she'd failed.
Western roseate shades of twilight flung their beauty 'cross the plain,
As beside repentant Gertrude Captain Nellie knelt again.
"Sing to me once more, dear Captain, as you have in bygone time,
Sing the 'Refuge Song,' it helped me; sing it, best true friend of mine."

Sing softly—Sisters only.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

There was no one else with Gertie but the Captain, faithful, kind—
The companions of her sinning, erstwhile friends, were hard to find.
Gertrude had no loving mother near to soothe with tender hand—
That dear parent's gone for ever, passing from the old home land
To the realms of the redeemed ones, where no tears shall ever flow,
Or no pain or anguish enter, where no hearts shall breaking know.
There no dark death's disappointment, curse, or hunger can come in,
All is peace and restful gladness, freedom from all forms of sin.

Sing altogether.

My home is in heaven, there'll be no parting there,
All will be happy, glorious, sunny, fair;
There's be no sorrow, there'll be no care
In that bright home far away.
But though husband, friend, and lover all have left her in her need,
By the dying girl the Captain stays, her truest friend indeed.
Swiftly down death's shady valley Gertrude passed without a fear,
For a loving Saviour guided—she to Him was very dear.
He had washed her guilty garments white in His own precious blood,
And the promise that ne'er faileth is that to His Father, God,
He'd present all the redeemed ones, e'en though dark their life has been,
If they but accept redemption by faith, and through grace are clean;
So for every storm-tossed sinner, drifting on sin's troubled sea,
We would raise a blood-stained banner, and proclaim new hope and free.

Sing altogether.

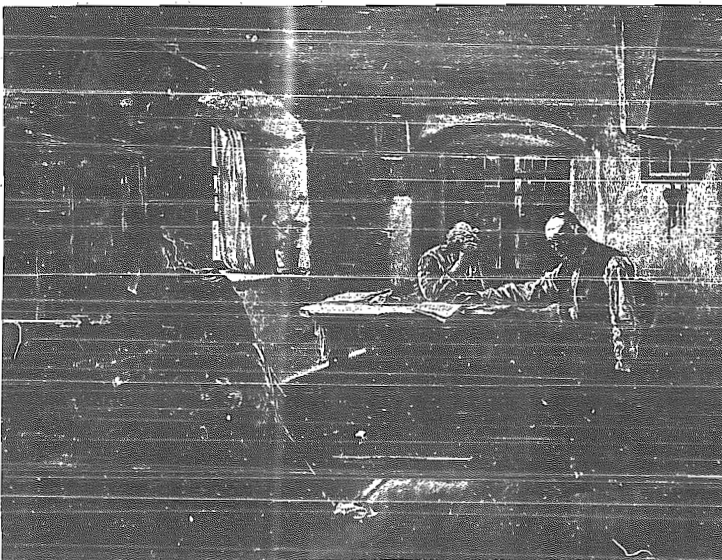
Jesus the sinner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood avails for me.

If the selections are not familiar, new songs may be substituted; additional verses may be added if necessary.

This service is especially suitable for Sunday afternoon.

THE OLD STORY OF A WOMAN'S MISERY.



The light-hearted daughter of a peasant left the farm to taste city life, with its round of pleasures. Then she fell into sin's trap. Returning home a ruined girl, finds her father's love turned into curses, and is driven again, homeless and friendless, to fight her own battles in a selfish world.

DAILY READINGS ILLUSTRATED.

SUNDAY.

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—ROM. i. 16.

Salvation is as bold as the sunshine, spreading, leaping, healing, cheering, all without respect of persons. It speaks all languages, it needs no introductions, it makes no apologies, it knows no hesitations. Salvation is not a Jew, nor an Englishman. Salvation is of God, for every land, for every age, and for ever. It suffers and never shirks the cross. It waits, and never fails; fights, and never runs away. Salvation overcomes the world, tramples on the flesh, and dares the devil. Do you live it? Do you glory in it? Do you fight for it? "Salvation is my glorious theme, and shall be till I die."—W. Bramwell Booth.

MONDAY.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—MATT. x. 8.

An article by Hugh Price Hughes (published since his death), on the duty of proportionate giving towards charities and religious objects, contains some shrewd and healthy advice. He says that, as a rule, "men have no idea how little they do give. Our constant tendency is greatly to exaggerate the amount of contributions to Christian and philanthropic objects. I have known many instances in which men have been persuaded to keep a careful and correct account of all they have given to various Christian objects, and, as far as my experience goes, after six months' experiments they have been amazed and distressed to discover how little they have contributed to entirely unselfish objects."

TUESDAY.

"But Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—MATT. xix. 14.

Many a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams.

Many a young heart has died because of the lack of some word of kindly encouragement. There are some parents who can easily remember the longing which they had as little children for that praise which would have cost very little, but which would have gone a great way in helping them to bear the burdens of childhood.

A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour spent on brick. Be faithful to the little ones now, while the key of their heart is still in your hand.

Give your children encouragement. It is the sunshine in which most things that are good morally grow best. They will never grow under a discipline of repression. Pruning is good for trees, but pruning is only done once or twice in the season, while sunshine and shower succeed each other nearly every day.

WEDNESDAY.

"He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not."—LUKE vii. 13.

Of all the miracles recorded in the Bible none appeals to our sympathies more than that recorded in Luke's Gospel, which tells of the raising of the widow's son at Nain. This pretty little town, called "the pleasant," was situated about twenty miles from Capernaum, where the Lord, on the previous day, had, by miracle-working power, been showing the people what He could do.

As Christ entered the city He met a mournful procession. Surely nothing on God's earth is sadder than the sight of a desolate widow following all that remains of her only son. Not one of us is so callous as to forbear a feeling of pity, and if a Christian, to offer up a heart-prayer that God, whose name is Love, will soothe and comfort the broken-hearted mourner.

How much more, then, did the pitying Saviour feel for this poor woman, as He stood and watched the humble procession of widow and neighbors slowly wending its way to the place of burial, and we have in the sacred narrative a tender, a beautiful, picture of our Lord's character. To see her was enough. "He had compassion." "It's just like Him," we all instinctively murmur, and as always was the case, His sympathy took an intensely practical turn. So should ours. Whenever our sympathy for a sorrow-stricken soul can be translated into any measure of relief, it ought to be offered instantly.

THURSDAY.

"And he cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."—ACTS vii. 60.

No one on his side! Alone, the helpless victim of his enemies. Yet Stephen's last thought was for others. The heavens were opening in joy before him, but like a flash of sorrow came the fear that these poor sinners would die in darkness, and forgetting his fainting and agony, a loud plea rang out on their behalf.

FRIDAY.

"Do all to the glory of God."—1 COR. x. 31.

When we look at this verse, what a lot it means—"all." How many there are, who, because they cannot do something big or wonderful, don't try to do little things to the glory of God.

Paul says we can even eat and drink to His glory. How much can we do in our everyday life to bless someone, and bring glory to God. I have watched many an one doing little things to please God, and, as a result, it has brought blessing and cheer to others.

A friend of mine had asked me to get an advertisement in the War Cry for some relations of hers she had not heard of for forty years. It seemed a hopeless task. But she was so very anxious that I sent it in with a prayer that it might succeed. Some time after she told me the result. It appears the man they were seeking was at a sale in a country town in N.S.W., and the lassie referred to was selling War Crys, and asked the man to buy one, which he refused to do, not caring for the Army. She tried him again, and received an emphatic refusal, but when he arrived home he found the War Cry sticking out of his top-coat pocket, and he concluded the lass must have put it in while the coat was hanging on the fence.

On opening it to see what it was like, the first thing he saw was his own name in the "Missing Friends" list. Needless to say, the friends were re-united, and became firm friends of the Army, and especially the War Cry. I suppose that lassie never knew the good she did by her Cry selling to the glory of God. May we all strive to do all to His glory.

SATURDAY.

"And Abraham said, Son, remember."—LUKE xvi. 25.

General James McLeer, a prominent New York citizen, whose arm was shattered, and whose leg was broken, at the second battle of Bull Run, in the American Civil War, declares that he suffers severe pains, akin to neuralgia, on each anniversary of the battle.

He says that days passed after the battle before he received proper medical attention, during which time he suffered the most excruciating agonies. And now, whenever the anniversary of the battle arrives, he can close his eyes and see the whole awful scene just as it happened. He thinks that this mental picture, and the memory of his wounds, awakens the nerves, and causes the excruciating pain from which he annually suffers. He is able, however, by the persistent exercise of will-power, to modify and cut short this physical distress.

In the light of this singular illustration of the power of memory to cause pain to the body, we can gather some idea of the soul torments which will be endured by the unrepentant sinner, when memory shall be fully awakened amid the realities of the life beyond the grave. With great zeal than ever let us fail not to warn the unsaved, and bring them to repentance and salvation.

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

JAPAN.—(Continued.)

We have previously referred to the Naval and Mercantile Home in Yokohama, but we would like to say it is now one of the most important institutions in that port. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Ellis are doing a magnificent work in connection with the Home.

Last years meals were provided for over 20,000, sleeping accommodation for 5,000, employment was secured for 80, sent out of the port for the Consular authorities or Charity Organization Society 138, and 174 meetings were conducted in the Home and on board ship.

At a meeting of the Charity Organization Society, which is composed of the leading business men in Yokohama, to quote from the Japan Mail:

"The Chairman (Mr. Gillet) and other speakers all referred to the improvement effected in Yokohama by the operations of the Salvation Army."

The Committee of the Society also, in their report, gave the Army sympathetic recognition in the following paragraph:

"The Committee desires to reiterate their sense of the debt they owe to Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Ellis, of the Salvation Army, for the valuable co-operation and assistance, without which it would be impossible to make such effective use of the funds at their disposal."

Our Rescue work in Japan continues. It is only two years since we began the work, and the events during this period in connection with this branch of our operations constitute a very important chapter of our history in the Land of the Rising Sun. As we have previously stated, when the S. A. commenced this work the position of the 52,000 victims of vice was one of hopelessness in the extreme. However much they might desire to abandon their life of shame, or however physically unfit to pursue it, they were compelled to continue the life, and it was practically impossible for them to secure their liberty.

The Army, however, opened a Rescue Home, issued a special number of the War Cry, and attacked the licensed quarters, to secure the release of several girls who appealed to us for aid, with the result that one of the greatest social agitations was aroused that the nation has known. The Government then, with characteristic promptness and courage, issued an Imperial Ordinance that changed the whole conditions, and at once made it possible for any girl to give up the life of sin at any time that she might wish to do so. This was such a blow to the system of licensed prostitution that it caused consternation among the brothel-keepers and their employees, and in consequence a number of our officers were badly injured, and it was necessary that they, and several of the leading newspapers, who had taken a prominent part in the agitation, should have special police protection.

Two years have passed, and official returns show that during this period the number of licensed inmates of these houses of shame have decreased 12,000, or 25 per cent., a result far beyond the expectations of our brave people, and a cause for grateful thanksgiving.

It was prophesied by some that the opening of the doors in this manner would increase the number of illegal prostitutes. The number of these can only be estimated by the number of convictions, and according to official figures the number of these during the same period has decreased 20 per cent. The number of visitors and "takings" have also decreased proportionately and some of these places have decreased as much as 50 per cent.

Though the legal restrictions have been removed, in many cases obstacles were placed in the way of the girls getting their liberty by the keepers and others, and we have done a large work in giving advice and help in such cases.

In connection with our Rescue Home, 64 have passed through since the opening, of which 57 have proved satisfactory, and have either been sent to situations, returned to their friends, or happily married.

(To be continued.)



With the next batch of Cadets to enter training at Clapton, there are sixty-three who have graduated from the Corps-Cadets' Brigade. Eight of the number are at present working on International Headquarters.

Recently there was a unique gathering in Regent Hall, being the twenty-first anniversary of that corps.

"Notwithstanding," a report goes on to say, "the continuous downpour of rain, about twelve hundred people were present yesterday (Sunday) afternoon in Regent Hall to hear Capt. Jessel, M.P., Mayor of the City of Westminster. He was accompanied by ten City Councillors, and His Worship wore his chain of office. The occasion was the twenty-first anniversary of the corps.

"The Mayor, in a long and eulogistic speech, warmly congratulated the General on the position which the Army occupies in the world to-day, stretching, as it does, 'from Iceland to the Cape, from Alaska to the banks of the Ganges.' Though belonging to another faith (Capt. Jessel is an orthodox Jew), he could not let his religious views stand in the way of his cordial recognition of the good work done by the Army in the moral and spiritual interests of the community. The Army turned wasters into soldiers of industry. It was cosmopolitan in its spirit, and used its immense social power to shelter the friendless, and raise to manhood and integrity those who had fallen in the battle of life. He also spoke warmly of our work in the City and Farm Colonies.

"Councillors Everett (a Catholic), Bradford, and Kyte also spoke in a similar strain, and the meeting was of a very enthusiastic order.

"Commissioner Nicol gave an address on the future of the Salvation Army, emphasizing three essentials: Adherence to our principles, Readiness to adopt new methods of war, and The making of men.

"New colors were presented to the corps, and a number of juniors handed purses to the Mayor in deffrayment of the price of the colors. Representatives of the corps' German class sang in German."

One of the latest developments in connection with the British field is rapidly assuming practical working shape. This is the new order of Divisional Secretaries, for which important positions many of the most promising, energetic, and intelligent officers of the Old Country have been selected.

Seventeen hundred British Field Officers changed appointments last week. They have gone to their new battlefields with a confidence born of assurance that they are men and women sent of God. Many of our leading Corps and Field Officers are concerned.

South Africa.

After the visit of Colonel Bates to Australia he proceeded to South Africa, and an energetic War Crier reporter gleaned the following information from him relative to our work there:

"Then came South Africa?"

"Yes; beautiful, sad, war-torn, hopeful, and great South Africa."

"You really think so?"

"Think so? You cannot help it. Despite the war—and you hear more of it here now, or certain aspects of it, than you do there—things are looking up. Feeling is cooling. People are pouring into Cape Town, and turning in all directions. The mines are gradually getting into working order. Gold, as rich and as plentiful as on the Rand, is said to be elsewhere; and there is evidence that it is. Property is rising; and trade is booming. Johannesburg already is a big city, with enormous possibilities; and the Army has an immense, and, perhaps, an unprecedented opportunity there. Numerically,

we are not so strong as I had expected; but, then, sitting here in settled conditions, how can you judge it with the temptations and vicissitudes so peculiar to a country where the races are so numerous, political strife has been so keen, and the mad thirst for suddenly acquiring wealth has made it the dumping-ground of men from all parts of the world. It is a wonder to me that Commissioner Kilbey is able to present such a front as he does. But, then, he is the most sanguine man I ever met, I think. He can make his officers see advantages in their disadvantages, and prospects where, up till he arrives on the scene, there are nothing but clouds."

"What most impressed you, then, about our work in South Africa?"

"Our open-airs. How the people listen! How they crowd around you! How they look at you! Well-dressed, well-behaved, and thoughtful, the working-classes make the flag of the Salvation Army in South Africa their pulpit. We are the church of the street in South Africa. Aye, and how they give! But the two go together, don't they? If you give the people something to think about, they acknowledge it."

"And the next thing?"

"The Social work. I met converts of this all over South Africa—some as soldiers, others occupying important positions in industry and professions, even in Government positions. We have a beautiful soul-converting agency in the Social Work of the Army at the Cape."

"And your last impression?"

"Was the Native Work. Here lies the Army's hope for the future, in my opinion. Not without difficulty and problems, nevertheless the Zulus and raw Kaffirs will take to the Army like the proverbial duck to water."

India.

Major Secunder (Andrews), who is so successfully pioneering the medical work in South India, has been appointed to open a new hospital and dispensary at Anand, Gujarat. He is already on the ground, and although regular work has not yet commenced, quite a number of patients have been to him for treatment.

Colonel Nurani, in writing of this scheme, says: "Prospects are bright for a big medical work. The Plague Doctor has informed us that there is plenty of scope for a medical man."

"During the past few months," says Lieutenant Yesu Ratnam, of Ceylon, "quite a number of destitute Europeans and Eurasians have been admitted to the Prison Gate Home. A plaster, belonging to a well-known family in the Island, spent six weeks there. Another young man from Australia, who had fought in the Boer war, was also with us for some weeks. At present we have the son of a college principal, the son of a railway director, and a printer from Australia. The last-named stowed away in an ocean boat, and was sent to prison here. The others had fallen on evil days, and, so far as I can learn, Colombo is one of the worst places in the world to get stranded in."

Australasia.

Colonel Peart, Chief Secretary for Australia, has sailed for England on a visit. The Colonel has never seen the white cliffs of Dover, nor the old brown cap of London's tower (St. Paul's), nor what will be of even keener relish to him—the International Headquarters, with the Chief of the Staff at his desk. Colonel Peart is a Tasmanian, and was among the first Australians to enter the Staff, since which time he has risen to be known throughout the world as "true blue."

Two years ago there was an important case before the Supreme Court, Sydney, which was of special interest to the Salvation Army. It was known in legal phraseology as *Jenkins v. Hendy*.

For certain monetary considerations to the late Miss Jenkins, her brother and niece, the Manly Estate, comprising about 1,000 acres, was secured to the Salvation Army. Immediately after the demise of Miss Jenkins, the nephew attacked the will, together with our right to the property, on the grounds of undue influence and mental incapacity.

The case was a prolonged one, lasting several days. The Judge decided against us, though absolutely acquitting the Army for undue influence. The judgment was a very lengthy one, covering several pages of foolscap, but was very pronounced in favor of the caveator.

Believing as we did that the Judge was wrong in his findings upon the evidence, the Army decided to appeal to the Full Court. Eventually the case came before Sir Frederick Darley, the Chief Justice, and the other learned Judges.

The findings of this, the highest Court in New South Wales, was overwhelmingly in our favor. Sir Frederick Darley, in pronouncing judgment, acquitted Brigadier Hendy, the executor, and other officers, of the slightest suspicion of undue influence. At the same time, the Court held that the late Miss Jenkins was a fit and capable person to make a will. Thus the Army, which was accused of dishonorable conduct, scored a moral, as well as a legal, triumph.

The case was ultimately referred to the Privy Council, and after a lapse of two years, Commissioner McKie has heard by cable recently that application for leave to appeal has been refused. This means that the barriers for the granting of probate to the will will be removed, and, furthermore, that the righteousness of our cause has been unquestionably established.

Brigadier Hendy, together with the Army's counsel, is to be congratulated on the results of a long, trying, complex, and difficult case.

Finland.

The first enrolment of Corps-Cadets in the history of Finland took place at Helsingfors on March 22nd. Eleven Candidates were enrolled.

Lieut.-Colonel Duff, who visited Finland this spring on purpose of obtaining some information concerning the late Brigadier von Tavel Haartman, whose biography she will write, has again left for England. On her way through Sweden the Lieut.-Colonel will conduct a few meetings.

Denmark.

It may not be generally known that it remained for the Salvation Army to institute shoe-blacks in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark.

Shooblacks were started to form employment for the submerged, and in view of the philanthropic aspect of the State has granted the Army the monopoly of this business.

The men who form the Shoebblack Brigade are selected from the most deserving who frequent our Shelters. Their pay is fairly good. Some manage to support a wife and family in a fair degree of comfort on their earnings.

When the Brigade was first inaugurated, the novelty of seeing shooblacks at work was so great, that, whenever a gentleman had his shoes cleaned, a small crowd of Danes would gather round and gaze in wonder at the operation.

West Indies.

Lieut.-Colonel Rauch has under consideration plans for the development of the Men's Social Work in Kingston, Jamaica, on the premises attached to our present Metropole. It is intended to extend the sleeping accommodation and so increase the usefulness of the Institution, which already has earned well-merited fame as a "home from home."

New premises have been secured in Kingston for a Jamaica Training Home. The new Home is well adapted for Training work, and on all points is a great improvement on the present building occupied by the Army.

One hundred coolies are sheltered every night in our East Indian Shelter in Demerara.

Our Sailors' Home at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, is well patronized by seamen of all nationalities, for whom there is no other Home in the Colony. Staff-Capt. Naden is effecting a few improvements in the Home, which will help to make Jack a happier man when ashore.



RACHEL'S RUEING.



A TRUE STORY BY MRS. STAFF-CAPT. MOORE.

Chapter V.—RACHEL'S EYES OPENED

PORR GIRL! How my heart aches for her. She was nearly happy, but not quite; she was sorrowfully conscious that she had lost much of her former bright experience. Not that she openly backslid—no, she never did that!—but her touch with God was gone. Since she had set aside her Divine call, and had deliberately disobeyed Him, her love grew faint, the fire on the altar of her heart burned low, and she vacated the platform to sit in the audience. She put her bonnet lovingly, tenderly away, feeling she was so unworthy to wear it.

Albert still drank a little—this, too, alloyed her happiness. "But he will soon stop now," she assured herself.

On a local holiday about two months after their marriage, Albert proposed they should go together and witness a certain procession. Rachel agreed, and they started off in good spirits. On reaching a favorable point of view they stationed themselves there to await the parade. Only a few moments had passed when some of Albert's old chums came up. Greetings passed between them, and some conversation followed. Albert did not introduce his wife, but turning to her, said: "Rachel, I'm going with the boys."

"And leave me, Albert?" she pleaded.

"Yes; you go home," he replied.

"O Albert," she exclaimed, "don't leave me!"

But Albert by this time was getting impatient, and he said roughly: "You go your way and I'll go mine," and strode away.

Rachel went home with a disappointed, aching heart, to the little cottage in which she had taken such a pride. As she turned the key in the lock and stepped within, how different it looked to what it had less than an hour ago. Who would have thought it could look so gloomy and lonely in so short a time, and how very, very sad she felt.

She took up some employment and tried to pray as she worked, but it seemed hard to believe to-day. The past would come before her, and strive as she may against it, a little regret would steal into her heart.

At five o'clock she prepared the tea, and then waited. The time dragged wearily on; nothing broke the silence until 7 p.m., then she heard a step, very unsteady, and Albert staggered in, drunk. Almost at the same moment Mr. Barton, Rachel's father, came in, and when he saw the state of affairs his anger was kindled.

"Is this the way you are conducting yourself, sir? Shame, you are no man!" he stormed.

"You mind your own business," Albert retorted as best he could.

"My daughter's happiness is my business, since you don't seem to consider it yours," said Mr. Barton.

In the meantime Rachel was helping Albert up the stairs. He was in bad humor. His eyes fell on the box which contained her Army bonnet. With a drunken stagger he snatched the bonnet from its resting place and threw it down the stairs. This was too much for Rachel; she wept, but Albert flung himself on the bed and in a moment was snoring.

Needless to say no sleep came to Rachel's eyes as she reviewed the past day, and not stopping with the day past, but back to the time when she first heeded the tempter. "Ah, it must have been a mistake," she concluded, sorrowfully; "it could not have been God's way for me. But I cannot mend it now. Poor Albert! I must be brave for his sake, and I may yet save him. O God," she prayed, "please forgive me if I have sinned, and help me to save my husband."

The next morning Albert was profuse in his apologies, and Rachel forgave and knelt and prayed with him.

At the meeting Rachel attended she cast herself on her knees at the holiness table, and re-consecrated herself to the service of God, and in her soul was sweetly conscious of God's for-

giveness of the past, and a deeper peace than she had known for a long time took possession of her. Ah, she needed it—the strife without would suffice without any conflict within—in her soul she would need peace.

When the first year of their married life had elapsed a dear wee babe came to Rachel's home and heart, and her sad heart wrapped itself up in this little messenger of love. Passionately she clasped it to her bosom, and heaved a sigh of real delight. It was the greatest joy she had ever known. But the bairn was a loan—in three happy days its work was done, and then, as suddenly as unexpected, God took it home to be with Himself. Yes, it was taken in love just as surely as He had given it in love, though for her to understand was hard. Yet she murmured not; she was growing strangely submissive to whatever came.

The young couple were feeling the pinch of poverty also, for although Albert had a good trade, and had many good situations, he was so unreliable through his drinking habits that he kept none, and too much of the wages he earned was dropped in the till of the saloon or bar of hotels.

"Now I'm off to work, Rachel, kiss me again good-bye."



She Watched at the Window Till the Small Hours of the Morning.

"Good-bye, Albert," she replied, "I'll have tea ready when you come home; you'll be here soon after six, won't you?"

When the day was only three-parts spent Albert came home drunk. Rachel hastened to get him some lunch and a hot cup of tea, then removing his boots helped him to bed. This was an oft-repeated experience. Rachel was ever praying and believing, ever patient and kind—waiting, waiting for the change that never came.

Again God sent to soothe her heart another babe, a beautiful child, little Amelia. She never seemed like a baby to her mother, but more like a companion. Rachel talked her sorrows to the wee darling long before she could understand, and because she could not understand, yet when too young to grasp the meaning of it, she seemed to feel the terrible burden of a drunken father, and shared in her mother's efforts to redeem him. Many a night when Rachel had watched at the window for Albert's return, and he would stubbornly refuse to come into the house to retire for the night, Rachel has called the tiny Amelia, who, kneeling in her white night-robe beside his prostrate form, has induced him, in her baby language, to come to bed.

(To be continued.)

If we can't testify to deliverance from sin in our homes, and in the presence of those we deal with every day as easily as we can before strangers, we may well suspect there is something wrong somewhere.

POINTED TRUTHS.

SELECTED BY A. DOGGS.

Heaven takes in what earth casts out.

The softer the snow as it falls the deeper it will sink.

Time lost in mending nets is often saved in catching fish.

The door of friendship with Christ lies in the path of service.

The flowers of time must fall when the fruit ripens for eternity.

The blue sky is always bigger than the clouds, although we may not see it.

It is well to lay our troubles before the Lord, and better to leave them there.

The only fruit that will keep in the Kingdom is hand picked and heart plucked.

The Christian who fears to be spent for Christ is a candle unwilling to be lighted.

God often has to weaken our bodies to make us feel how dependent we are upon Him.

Don't cast your bread on the waters when you might just as well give it to some hungry one.

God will reward some according to the sheaves they bear, and some according to the seed they have scattered.

I preached as never sure to preach again, and as a dying man.—Baxter. Paul was the kind of a preacher whom you would expect to see walk down the pulpit stairs straight into his coffin, and then stand before God ready for his last account.—Spurgeon.

A Big Soul.

Men, our life's success is not measured by dollars, positions, or titles, but by real genuine manhood that ripens with years in struggles and temptations, cares, joys, sorrows—whatever comes to us as our daily experience in life—call it good or ill—may be all good and prove strong factors in the development of the genuine man with heart, and soul, and mind. The big soul is better than the big bank account, and may just as well go with it. A broad sympathy is better than broad acres, and a clean memory of past life; a conscience that is void of offence towards God and man, will bring greater satisfaction than the never-can-be-forgotten acts of over-reaching meanness, fraud, or not-to-be-named "pleasures." Don't make a mistake at the beginning by false standards of success. Like as not you will have to live with yourself a good many years. Be fit company for a good man.

Start While Young.

Young fellows somehow get the idea that when they are older they will have less temptation, and find it easy to "settle down," and break away from the habits formed in youth. This is all moonshine. A man can be as big a fool at sixty as at sixteen. Sin grows on a man with increasing power, and mounts up like the unpaid compound interest on a 12 per cent. mortgage, leaving him hopelessly in debt to nature, weakened in moral force and overwhelmed with a consciousness of guilt and shame. Only a miracle of grace can save him, and even then he is a crippled weakling. God keep a boy from babying himself and yielding to temptations!

Murder Will Out.

Springs of water find an outlet somewhere, and it is certain that the hidden corruptions of an evil heart will gain expression at some time, however sedulously concealed. He breeds a corrupting sore who, slyly, and in the covert of his own seclusion, dotes on defilement, and in his dreams, clothes with salacious beauty and sensuous grace the nastiness of immorality. He would indignantly declare it impossible for him to commit such deeds, but the opportunity only is waiting.

Our Local Officers' Page.

Petrolia's Treasurer.

W. A. Hone was born in the village of Warrington, England. At the age of twenty-one he



Treas. W. A. Hone,
Petrolia, Ont.

was converted to God through the death of his father. He became a member of the Methodist Church and taught a class in Sunday School for a number of years, when God blessed his efforts.

He was one of the first to join the Auxiliary League of the Salvation Army, and it was mainly through his efforts that the

Army opened fire in the town of Bradbury, of which corps he became a soldier. He continued fighting there until the Army started the Circle Corps work; then Warrington was made a centre, with officers stationed there to work the villages, meetings being held in about ten villages. God abundantly blessed their labors, and many souls were brought to Jesus. For upwards of two years he was Treasurer of that corps.

He moved to Canada about fifteen years ago, and became a soldier of the Watford corps. After remaining there about seven years, he moved to Petrolia, and has filled the position of Treasurer here for about two years. He has been a faithful soldier and supporter of the Salvation Army for upwards of twenty years.

A Pair of Watford Locals.

I was converted during the command of the first officers in Watford, eighteen and a half years ago. I was then only a lad sixteen years of age. There were four brothers of us at the penitence form the same night—Tom, now Brigadier at H. Q.; Bert, now Adjutant at the Toronto Shelter; one brother in Manitoba, and myself. I was what was considered a moral boy, but felt my need of a Saviour as much as the greatest sinner. I never made a profession in my life before, and have never been anything but a Salvationist since. I have been Sergeant-

was seeking for. God gave me the victory. Then the fighting began. For seventeen years I have been a soldier in England and Canada.

In England we had the Skeleton Army to contend with, when we had to watch each others' mouths to see when we had done speaking.

My mother died when I was twelve years old, but her influence for good never left me. At the place where I was staying they continually told me if I went to the Army I would find the door locked when I came home. Still I would go, and come home only to sleep in the barn all night. The barracks was three miles from my home. We used to hold meetings in different villages on Sundays. Sometimes we walked as much as fifteen miles, coming home singing, "We shall rest our blistered feet over Jordan." God's grace has been sufficient through it all. I have held the commission of Secretary for the Watford corps for about seven years. The fight is hard, but God lives to give us the victory. I am glad I am a Salvationist, and mean to fight the battle till the end.—Mrs. J. E. Collier, Sec.

Secretary Austin Young, Lunenburg.

I feel it a God-given privilege to write a few notes of my life before and after conversion.



Sec'y Austin Young,
Lunenburg, N.B.

I was born and raised in the beautiful town of Lunenburg. My parents were good Christians, of the average kind, but in spite of all these good influences, the great evil of the world seemed to lead me on in the broad way of sin; my heart and life were far away from God and right.

I had a great passion for strong drink and gambling. I had a very quick temper, in fact I was altogether filthy and unclean in the sight of God. I felt in my heart I was doomed to die eternally unless I found deliverance by some mysterious power. Thank God, I found it to the joy of my heart.

Two years after that the Salvation Army came to our town and stuck up before my eyes the great big posters, "Prepare to meet thy God." The Spirit of the living God took hold of me and led me into the great fight of the Army in our town. There was a great stir in the churches and among the people. We were persecuted very much, but God has been our strength. Hard fighting has made good soldiers, and to-day, after twenty years' hard fighting, I am enjoying still the religion of Jesus Christ.

God has blessed and owned my labors of love very much. My wife is a good soldier and J. S. Sergt.-Major of the corps. My daughter, known as Lieut. Ella M. Young is now on the field, having just passed through the Training Home at Toronto. May she be a real warrior for God and souls.

Yours in the war, to finish up at the Pearly Gates.—Sec. Austin Young.

S.M. and Mrs. Davis, St. Stephen, N.B.

I was born in the ancient city of Swanscombe, Kent, Eng., and there I spent the days of childhood. My parents attended the Church of England, and I was brought up to do the same. My father, having gained employment in London, our family moved there; so at the age of ten I started my experience of city life.

After a short time at school I went to work in a mill, where I fell in with companions who helped me to form evil habits. After work was done the night would be spent in the gallery of a theatre. The appetite for strong drink grew upon me, so at thirteen I would stand and drink with my chums at the bar.

I went from bad to worse, threw up my job, and after a while gained a good situation in a



Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Davis and Family, St. Stephen, N.B.

stationary house in the city. I lost it through drink. Soon I fell into the hands of the police for being drunk and disorderly.

But God did not cut me off in my sin, He spared me a little longer. The time came when His Spirit did take hold of me. It was on a Sunday afternoon, in summer, while passing, with a chum, a Wesleyan Church, where a revival meeting was going on. The doors being open we could hear the singing, and, although drunk, we staggered in. The people there gave us a good welcome, spoke to us about our souls, and when leaving one of the brethren put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "God bless you." He would give us a Bible if we would come again. I felt so convicted of sin that I went out and sat on the stone step in the misery of sin. Still I fought against my feelings.

God's Spirit still followed me. I had listened to the Army in the open-air, so on Sunday night I decided to go to the meeting and settle the matter with God, but being mistaken for others who had caused disturbance, I did not get in that night. Things used to be pretty rough for the Army in those days. God, however, had pointed out the way for me to go. It was in the Army God wanted me to take my stand for Him. I drank to drown my feelings without avail. After a day of drinking on a bank holiday I went to the Army at night. I had a terrible conflict with the devil, who seemed to hold me back from going in, but, bless God, I went, and there that night found peace to my soul. Everything seemed changed; the true light came and filled my soul. I was converted in Bell Green, Sydenham, near the Crystal Palace.

Almost fifteen years have passed. God has helped me to fight many battles and helped to gain the victory over sin.

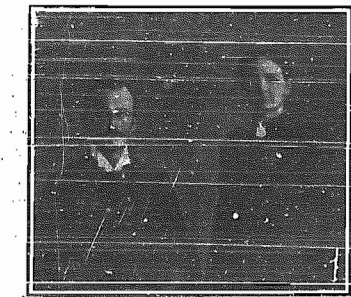
After being two years a soldier in the Old Country I came to America, where I have spent thirteen years in His blessed service. I now hold the position of Sergt.-Major of the corps, together with my wife, who is a willing worker for Jesus. We love to do all we can to push along the war and extend His glorious Kingdom. Our children are junior soldiers in the corps; we are doing our best to train them for God and the Army.—S.M. Davis.

"Uncle Dan," of Neepawa.



"Uncle Dan," Neepawa, Man.

Father Dan Reece, of Neepawa, better known as Uncle Dan, has been a faithful warrior for fifteen years. He is War Cry Sergeant, and sells the War Cry, rain or shine. You can see him every Sunday beating the drum on the march, although he is past seventy years of age. His testimony is clear and bright, and everybody believes in Uncle Dan.



Sergt.-Major Collier and Secretary Mrs. Collier, Watford, Ont.

Major of the Watford corps some eight years, and think more of the S. A. to-day than the day I joined it. I am thankful that God ever called me to follow 'neath the yellow, red, and blue, also thank Him for the grace He has supplied. To-day I have nothing to boast of, but a great deal to be thankful for, and I mean to be true to the end.—J. E. Collier, Sergt.-Major.

The first time I saw the S. A. was in the town of Appleby, in the north of England, about twenty years ago. I was very young and thought they were a queer lot of people.

A short time after this I made a start to do right in a Methodist revival meeting, but felt something lacking. I then began to attend the Army meetings, and soon found here what I

The War Cry.

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All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.



The Commissioner's Campaign.

The Ottawa meetings of the Commissioner seemed to have lost nothing by the partial postponement caused through the fire. The church on Thursday, and the Russell Theatre twice on Sunday, witnessed splendid assemblages to hear the Commissioner, who doubtless carried everything before her. We give a short special of the Commissioner's meetings on this page, reserving the full report for next week's edition.

In addition to the meetings, Miss Booth had many interviews with influential people respecting various important matters, too intrinsic to discuss here now, and has, on the whole, spent her time in the Imperial City to the utmost advantage. She is delighted over the result of an interview she had with Premier Laurier.

The Ottawa meetings will be closely followed by the Toronto Camp Meetings and a western trip, which will cover the most of the summer's engagements. We are pleased to say that the Commissioner's health is continuing satisfactory.

The Chief Secretary.

We feel exceedingly sorry that Colonel Jacobs has been very unwell recently. While we have no ground to state that there is a danger of a serious illness, yet the pressure of business has been rather heavy, and the Colonel does not stay away from the office, as he was compelled to recently, without good cause. The Chief Secretary is again about, we are pleased to say, but is not at all well, and we would ask for him the prayers of the Territory, that health may be restored to him. His position is a responsible and intricate one, and the rank and file can do much to uphold him and make the path somewhat smoother. Let us more than ever seek to do this in recognition of the years of faithful toil Colonel Jacobs has unstintingly given to the Army in this Territory.

The Eastern Province Confident.

BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT ABROAD—CAN BEAT ALL RECORDS.

(By Wire.)

Prospects Self-Denial excellent throughout Province. Officers, soldiers and people manifest real Self-Denial spirit, willingly giving of their sustenance to evangelize the world. Our Commissioner can depend upon her Eastern troops doing valiant service. Indications are we shall beat all records. Colonel and Mrs. Sharp and Chancellor on warpath in different parts of Province.—J. D. Sharp.

Gore Bay was successfully opened by Capt. Capper and Lieut. Quaife on May 9th. The building was crowded, some souls were saved, and twenty-eight dollars were given in the offerings. The press and people are very friendly, and already the officers have nicely-furnished quarters.

The Commissioner at Ottawa.

Three Great Meetings—Thirty-Nine Souls—Red Knights Appreciated.

(Special.)

The Commissioner has had a wonderful campaign at the Capital. Beginning with the devastating fire, which doomed many homes and ruined many families, it was directed against the fires of sin, which, alas! blights an infinitely greater number of hearts and homes, and ruins countless souls.

The Commissioner conducted an enthusiastic gathering in the Bank St. Methodist Church on Thursday night. Willie and Pearl fairly captivated the crowd with their singing and drills. Miss Booth spoke with remarkable freedom and telling effect to the large congregation.

The two great subjects announced for two consecutive Sunday nights were dealt with on Sunday afternoon and night. The Russell Theatre was a magnificent sight on both occasions, the elite of the Imperial City being present. The Commissioner completely carried her audience, swaying them at will with every shade of emotion, and convincing sinners of their fearful position. Many souls sought salvation, and in every other respect the meetings were simply superb.

LATEST WIRE.

Triumphant conclusion Ottawa campaign. Commissioner addressed two influential audiences at Russell Theatre Sunday. Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, and social elite present, despite suffocating heat. Commissioner's address at white heat of inspiration and eloquence, making magnificent declarations of truth and mercy, while pathetic illustrations and forcible appeals swayed the crowd to alternating smiles and tears. Red Knights' Musical Festival, Monday, an enthusiastic finish. Prominent citizen gave spontaneous expression of Ottawa's appreciation of ten days' services. During campaign, thirty-nine souls.—Lieut. Colonel Pugmilt.

Territorial Newslets.

Capt. Cann, of the Prison Gate Department, Territorial Headquarters, has sustained the sad loss of her mother. Mrs. Cann had been in poor health for a considerable length of time, and her end was not unexpected. She was a saintly character, an earnest Christian, and her death a triumphant one. In this bereavement the Captain, as well as her sorrowing father and sister, need our prayers.

Brigadier Moss, an old Canadian officer, who left this country for Australia some sixteen years ago, and who is now stationed in England, will visit Canada shortly. We extend to him, on behalf of his many comrades in Canada, a hearty soldiers' welcome home.

The annual councils in Newfoundland will take place from Wednesday, June 24th, to Tuesday, June 30th.

Despite the stormy weather, the blizzards and snow-drifts, the shortage of coal and wood, the exceptional and extreme condition of our winter warfare, from Jan. 16th to March 30th, no less than 1,073 souls sought mercy at our Army penitents house in Newfoundland. To God be all the glory!

Self-Denial is really going well throughout the Territory, so far as we can learn. One officer in the city of Toronto, whose name we are not permitted to divulge, said to us the other day, "If S.D. finances continue to come in as

they are at present, it will be the easiest target I ever struck in my Army career." The E.O.P. writes: "From reports to hand, almost every officer writes most encouragingly as to the prospects of this effort."

Tweed barracks will be re-opened on Sat., Sun., and Mon., June 6th, 7th, and 8th. The opening will be followed by a week's special meetings, conducted by the Harmonic Revivalists.

The Army property at Odessa is having a quarters annexed to it. Capt. Rutledge has plans well in hand, and expects to be able to raise the necessary finances in order to put the scheme through.

The first instalment of \$1,000 on the new Montreal property has been paid. The work of securing finances is going to be a big task, but with faith in God, and lots of hard work, and toil, our E. O. P. comrades hope to secure a good deal of the money within the next twelve months. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Moore are taking hold of the collecting with a spirit and willingness that is very commendable. May the Lord add His blessing to this new venture.

We visited the Army Farm last week, where we were received right royally by Staff-Capt. Myles and Lieut. Lewis. As far as the eye could reach there was to be seen one long stretch of well-cultivated land, and we were informed nearly all the seeding was done. In all parts of the Farm there was the stamp of prosperity. Industrious working could be seen groups of men here and there, among them a few of the Army emigrants who arrived recently from the Old Country. Asking where the balance of the men were, we were told they had been distributed among the surrounding farmers, who, owing to the dearth of laborers, eagerly seized upon the able-bodied men the Army had to offer.

There is not much time for flowery speeches at the S. A. Farm, as "busy" is the word, and the days, though often lengthened out from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m., as far as the Farm staff is concerned, are still all too short to crowd into them all that is to be done.

Staff-Capt. Cass, of the Central Ontario Province, states that the Central Ontario Province never did so well with the sales of any special number as it did with the Easter War Cry.

Owing to alterations in the Tailoring Department, as well as an abnormal rush of orders, it has been impossible to manufacture garmens as speedily as desired. For the unavoidable lateness the manager of the Tailoring Department offers sincere apologies, and promises to make amends as soon as he can. In the meantime he trusts his valued customers will bear patiently with him.

New Barracks at Calais.

(By Wire.)

Major Howell, assisted by Capt. Fleming and Evangelic Quartet, opened new hall and spent week-end at Calais. Immense crowds attended. Major's addresses and Cashier's singing were swallowed wholesale. Twelve souls came forward, and the income was excellent. Corps much cheered, prospects never brighter. United meeting St. Stephen on Monday brought good crowds and two souls. Warm invitation for Chancellor and Cashier's return. Troop remains ten days.—McElheny.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Gaskin in the W.O.P.

(Special.)

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin opened the new barracks at Listowel on Thursday last. The new building is a credit to the town. Good crowds attended. Mrs. Gaskin stayed for Saturday and Sunday with remarkable success. She had the joy of seeing five souls saved. The finances for the week-end totalled nearly \$100.

The Lieut.-Colonel called at Palmerston on Friday, to fill Colonel Jacobs' appointment, who was ill. A nice crowd was present; for Palmerston it was big.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the Colonel led on at Stratford. The reports very successful meetings. Seven souls sought salvation.

TOUR OF THE RED KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

Peterboro's Night a Good Beginning—Smith's Falls, a New Opening, Turned Out en Masse—Ottawa's Program—Graphic Account of the Awful Conflagration—The Commissioner's First Meeting Unavoidably Postponed—Aylmer's Hearty Welcome—Ottawa Campaign Progressing Uninterruptedly.

Peterboro.

Choosing to be the exception that proves the rule, our train was ahead of time, but not too soon to land us into the warmest of welcomes which Staff-Capt. McNamara and Peterboro's famous band were waiting to bestow. Preceded by the fire reel, which happened to be out on practice, and followed by a huge crowd, we spent on to the barracks, vociferously announced at appropriate intervals by the inimitable Mike of cabbage fame.

The Red Knights were dropped at the quarters, where red uniforms were donned and not tea imbibed in a breathless few minutes, then a race back to the open air in time to give a parison. The vast crowd drank in the telling words, afterwards breaking into a spontaneous outburst of applause.

Three minutes later we were in the barracks, where a splendid crowd had gathered for the musical festival. Peterboro people are nothing if not appreciative, and they were not slow to show their enjoyment of the various selections. One or two ladies, who shall be nameless, reached a perilous mixture of smiles and tears, while various staid standbys of the corps nearly capsize their dignity in their enthusiasm. Altogether it was a fine type of gathering, and not without solemn influences, despite the serio-comic antics of an American organ upon which a long-suffering member of the Red Knights laboriously performed in lieu of a piano.

"Last night was all right," was one of Staff-Captain McNamara's parting shots, and the opinion is one of weight, as well as discrimination.

Smith's Falls.

There is about it all the fascination of a new opening, and Capt. Coy, the officer in charge, impressed us as a man fully alive and equal to the opportunities of the position.

Smith's Falls is a prosperous town of growing proportions, and so far as we could see, has swallowed the Army wholesale. But a few weeks ago the sight of an Army cap on the main street brought a breathless youngster with the request, "Please, Army man,

MOTHER WANTS TO LOOK AT YOU."

Now the curiosity is diminishing, but the interest remaining, and the whole town is falling in love with the flag. How much this is due to the devoted efforts of Capt. and Mrs. Coy, who with hearts yet sore with the sudden loss of their two sweet little ones, have thrown their whole soul into the opportunity, it is hard to estimate. Visiting all day long, they are winning the town for the Army, blessing and being blessed.

Something about that open-air crowd reminded me of the west. It was so large, so interested, so appreciative. Hundreds of men stood as if spellbound as we sung the story of the cross.

Followed by what few soldiers have already been made in the town, the Red Knights started for the Opera House, escorted by a huge crowd eager to get good places for the inside meeting. The Opera House is somewhat eccentric. Once a Methodist Church, it is yet a strange mixture of ecclesiastic and circus. However, it will accommodate a good crowd, and on the present occasion was graced by a splendid one. Never was more enthusiastic hearing given to any worldly show than our blood-and-fire festival received. Something more than an entertainment was that bright evening of song, and consecrated at the close by the tears of one sorrow-

ing heart, kneeling at an improvised penitent form in the orchestra stalls.

Ottawa.

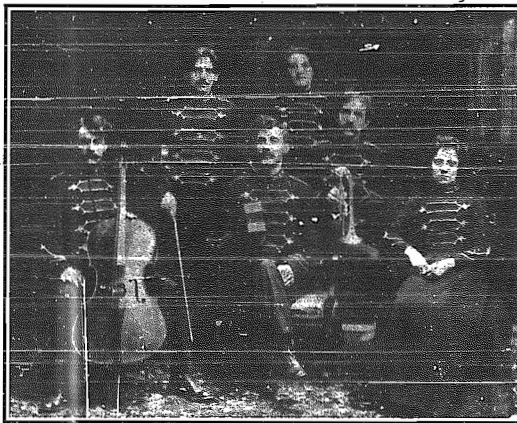
Now for Ottawa, and the Commissioner—and what Red Knight's heart did not beat quicker as they came near seeing their leader once more, and participating in the wide possibilities of the ten days' campaign in the Imperial City.

We found the Commissioner in excellent spirits, Brigadier Turner in expectant serenity, and Adj. Harkirk calmly confident as to what the morrow would bring forth.

The inception of the Red Knights on Saturday night was an enthusiastic occasion, and hearts beat high for the Sunday's meetings. We were here reinforced by Major and Mrs. Stanton, welcome additions to the red-robed throng.

The Sabbath sun rose fair and clear, the morning was magnificent, wearing no tint of the tragic hue in which its setting shadows should be painted.

Over thirty at knee-drill is a fact itself of



THE RED KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

inspiration, and Pentecostal influences played around us as we outpoured our hearts to God and each other.

The morning's open-air on a certain Market Square was a memorable event. Despite the opposing elements of one downright dog fight, several threatening quarrels, and a canine obligato to Major Stanton's solo, and the argumentative turn of one or two Frenchmen's minds, we managed to conduct an hour's energetic meeting. Within the barracks, we were not long settling to business. Before we had got past the first song we felt God present, manifestly so as the meeting advanced, almost painfully so as Colonel Pugmire concluded a soul-stirring appeal for saviours of man, and we fell on our knees. The seven souls who, by submission, were set free to serve, were all exceptionally definite. The Salvationists' cross was the struggle with some.

"HOW CAN I MARCH THE STREETS OF OTTAWA?"

uttered one young lady, struggling under her own will and God's way for her—the latter gloriously triumphed. Out of lives laid on the altar that morning we believe the world must feel the benefit—and it will.

Half an hour's interval for dinner, and we are out again in the world's cathedral of the street, voicing salvation to an immense crowd packed on the steps of Ottawa's fine Post Office. The opportunity was unique, and we made the most of it. Sunday afternoon is the hour usually ap-

pointed for the siesta, but there were no signs of naps in the afternoon's gathering, the meeting was wide awake from start to finish, the Red Knights' songs and speeches straight and to the point. Brigadier Turner's Bible reading was a forcible exposition, and the two penitent seekers an unmistakable emphasis to the blessing of the hour. One of these was a poor drunkard who had already emptied his pockets in the open-air's collection plate.

As we came out to tea

A STRANGE SULKYNESS

seemed in the air, but we were in good spirits and scarcely noticed it.

What a crowd was expected at the Russell Theatre that night, what anticipations indulged, what waves of glory looked for at the Commissioner's meeting!

So we proposed, but God disposed otherwise. At the meeting hour the doors of the Russell were still locked and barred, and both leader and congregation far from the scene. Without warning, a terrible catastrophe overtook the beautiful city, and not a church bell rang or Army drum beat, as Ottawa again was baptised as with fire.

By the time the news reached us, the Sabbath peace was changed to one of turmoil and panic. The

STREETS WERE FILLED ALREADY WITH REFUGEES, hurrying from the stricken district, which, strange to say, was the fatal spot so scarred with the remains of the last fire, whose embers had died but three years since.

Now hurried past a lady in fashionable silk and lace holding on to innumerable bundles of her belongings, and now a fine grand piano dangerously poised on a ramshackle rig. Pandemonium threatened, and a meeting was out of the question. The Commissioner hurried on her bonnet to start for the scene of suffering and danger. The actual scene of the conflagration was about a mile distant, and everywhere en route we met hurried, panic-stricken people fleeing with scraps of furniture, or treasured belongings, to safer regions overhead. Thick clouds of smoke were turning the bright May afternoon into sultry twilight, and ahead burned the ominous lurid glow. Near the scene of the disaster it was almost impossible to press a way through the people, who, fearing the advance of the flames, were removing their valuables. Thousands of people on Primrose Hill were watching the catastrophe. When at last the scene actually burst on our view the sight

was grandly awful. A very sea of fire lay before us—street after street were consumed with terrible rapidity, the girdle of flame widening as we looked, more roofs ignited, and walls, burned through, fell to the ground. Far up into the sky stretched the fiery fingers, irradiating the metallic roofing with weird phosphorescent light and banking up burning embers in deep vermilion piles. Firemen worked like heroes, citizens like Trojans, and the militia bravely did their part, but the flames had got ahead and kept the lead.

From early in the afternoon till nearly midnight the holocaust raged, watched by a trembling, awe-stricken crowd of vast proportions, some of whom saw all their possessions in that relentless furnace.

"O Captain," cried one woman, "only three years ago I was burnt out, and to-night

I'VE LOST EVERYTHING AGAIN."

These were the saddest features of that sad scene—homes just built up dashed down again, and re-gathered household goods swept into ashes. Many women were nearly frantic with mingled fear and grief; some fainted dead away, and others were on the verge of hysterics. It was pitiful to see the old women and tiny children dragged away out of danger. One little fellow, a native of sunny Italy, was taken from his sick bed as the flames attacked his

(Continued on page 12).

SOLDIERS PUSHING AHEAD

A reliable remedy for hoarseness is the juice of a lemon, half an ounce of glycerine, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Take one teaspoonful every few hours. Simple, and within the reach of everybody. Honey is also good for hoarseness. Another simple but effective cure is the juice of a lemon, a tablespoonful of sugar, and the stiff-beaten white of an egg.

TO THE TIGERS.

(To our frontispiece.)

We look rightly with horror upon the revolting spectacle of a crowd of blood-thirsty men and women crying, "To the tigers!" The wretched victim, with one wild leap, has clutched an iron ring, and the corner of the rich oriental tapestry which hangs from the seat of the Governor of Antioch, and in desperation of frantic fear tries to escape. Alas! there is no brute so cruel as an excited mob. They came to feast themselves upon the spectacle of one of their brother creatures being torn by wild beasts, and they have no intention to show mercy and so forego the grand spectacle, "To the tigers!" they shout furiously, and one of their number draws a knife to cut off the corner of the fabric which supports the victim.

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We thank God that the times have passed when men feast themselves on such degrading shows, yet we have not much to boast of. Our civilization is but a thin veneer, and the savage instinct comes dangerously near the surface at times, and frequently breaks through when opportunity is afforded. As evidence we may mention, for instance, the bull-fights of Spain; the duels in Germany and France; the prize-fights of England and America; the persecution of the Jews in Russia and the Christians in Turkey; the brutalities of war; the lynching of negroes in the South; the frequent bestialities which come up in the courts of every city in all so-called civilized nations. While humanity has improved as a whole—and thank Heaven for such—yet there is not much to be proud of yet. A popular excitement may any day slip the restraint of years and turn back the chariot-wheels of moral progress.

Christianity is the only remedy for this deplorable state of whitewashed savagery. After two thousand years all we hold highest and noblest of our present-day civilization has come to us through Christianity. Christ in man has at all times set to the world the attainable pattern. Ever since Pentecost there have not been wanting witnesses of true Christianity. Mercy, justice, kindness, charity, temperance, patience, and sacrifice have been more than theories, they have found glorious demonstrations in the lives of Christ's disciples. Unflinchingly they have looked death in the face, and prayed calmly while the wild beasts were preparing for their deadly spring, sung hymns while their tar-coated bodies have flared in flames, declared their faith in God and immortality while their bodies were sawn asunder, and have astonished their persecutors by superhuman fortitude. There was no attempt to escape from pain, rather a glorying in suffering for the sake of Him who died to save the world, because the Father so loved the world. What overwhelming magnitude of Divine love!

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Are we worthy to compare ourselves with the martyrs? Would our consecration stand that degree of physical suffering? Would we endure the mental anguish of being torn from our loved ones, and know probably the fearful ordeal awaiting them? To what extent have we shown our ability to suffer in the cause of Christ when the choice has been before us? We can well afford to make some comparisons, and to spend to advantage some time in meditation. Personal consideration often may so engross us that our little difficulties become as mountains, and we cannot see anything but our own troubles.

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The man who is most to be pitied is the one who continually bemoans his own deplorable lot, and makes everybody responsible for his condition. He has no pity on anyone but himself, and while professing Christianity, unhesitatingly refuses to sacrifice any personal convenience to help a poor wretch who endeavors to escape from the tigers of his besetments. They sing and talk of the salvation of God, and its power to save to the uttermost, but they don't like to be instruments of salvation when personal efforts beside that of cant are required. They complacently look on at the havoc sin is making around them. With the majority they see the

beasts of lust, intemperance, deceit, and crime slay victims every day. Before a crowd they deplore these conditions, while in private conversation they crack jokes with a cynical smile. What a hypocrisy! May God deliver the Salvation Army from falling at any time, and in any degree, into such a grievous error! At any rate, there is at present too much sound sense and real consecration in our ranks to fear such a turn of affairs on any appreciable scale. But no individual is infallible, and the only way to keep a man's soul mellow, and a pattern of saintliness, is to continually bear in mind and heart the image of Jesus Christ, that it may become the guiding star of all our thoughts, words, and actions.

The Salvation Army, in its short history, has many shining examples of saintliness and self-sacrifice. May the future outshine the past, and the Army lead the Christian world in the competition for godliness.

Tour of Red Knights of the Cross.

(Continued from page 9).

home, but the shock was too great for the tiny sufferer, and he expired within an hour of his removal.

Although by those who remembered the fire of three years ago, this is spoken of as a lesser catastrophe, it was a fearful conflagration, and had it not been arrested when it was the whole city might have been laid waste. As it is two hundred houses were burned, 10,000,000 feet of lumber consumed, and a loss estimated at \$400,000 remain to tell the tale, while fully a thousand people are left homeless.

Whether it was an incendiary fire or no is a vexed question that the War Cry may well leave other papers to discuss, but it is within our province to include a hitherto unpublished incident of the abating of the scourge. A certain gentleman whose property was not only valuable to himself, but important because once laid hold of by the flames would have found an easy way to the city, prayed long and fervently for the passing of the fury. It was making straight for his house and for the city's centre. The good man's faith was sorely tried, when suddenly beneath the smoke the flames began to eddy and swirl, then they withdrew, and the main danger was averted. The wind had changed. All credit to the noble man who plied the hose and composed the bucket brigade, and thanks to the heart which laid hold of the Arm which is stronger than the sorest disaster. For "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams."

MONDAY.

Despite the disturbing elements of Sunday, the Red Knights were all in evidence on Monday and faced an excellent crowd in the barracks. The meeting was one of brightness and blessing, and the songs of the Red Knights, interspersed with three-minute talks on vital subjects, were helpful and enjoyable in the extreme. Major Stanyon on Repentance, Adj. Griffith on Faith, Ensign Arnold on Calvary, and Capt. Russell on the How, When, and Where of her salvation, were distinctly up-to-date and interesting. Mrs. Stanyon's Bible reading was a beautiful bit of heart theology, which, like the far-famed Homoea, "touched the spot." Then ensued a struggle, for though conviction was everywhere, procrastination was also busy, and those four definite cases of conversion were saved as by fire. But we had a glorious wind-up on top of the victory.

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Aylmer.

Tuesday was Aylmer's night—a charming summer resort ten miles distant. The electric car ride by the banks of the river was an exquisite trip. Through the yet charred ruins of the earlier fire, past the superb elevation of the Imperial Buildings, and through miles of wooded greenland we tore at breakneck speed.

At Aylmer we found all the village out and interested in our visit. The green in front of the Court House was granted us for an open-air meeting, and here on the downy sward, "neath spreading trees, and surrounded by a huge crowd of faces, we held a brief service full of

blessing. The march to the Methodist Church, kindly loaned us for the meeting, was followed by a dense throng, a bodyguard of children keeping pace in the high road, and raising such a dust that we could scarcely see, sing, or breathe. The building, which is quite historic, being the first Methodist Church built in all the district, was packed to the doors, every imaginable space was occupied, and a clamoring crowd, hundreds strong, turned from the doors. There was much disappointment over the fact that the Commissioner, who had been expected, was unable to preside, but Colonel Pugmire's invitations to her meetings in the city somewhat made up for the grief, and everybody settled down to enjoy the meeting. The musical festival given by the Red Knights was appreciated up to the hilt, and the children's songs and drills simply turned the place upside down.

The pastor and his wife were exceedingly kind, his parishioners enthusiastic, and all Aylmer so affectionate towards us that we fell in love with it at first sight too. We believe that something eternal was left in the influence still echoing.

WEDNESDAY.

"What God does for a man, we are here to tell; what sin does for a man, we have no need to tell—you know it." Did someone express this thought at that rousing open-air on a prominent street corner, or was it only a thought in our own mind as we looked on the handiwork of evil? A respectable-looking man, on the verge of delirium tremens, pressed his staggering way into our open-air ring. Amid his ravings scraps of sense gleamed, as when he told Major Stanyon, who kindly helped to prop him up, "I've tried about everything else in life but salvation, and I guess that's what I need."

Wednesday night is unknown to public meetings at this corps, yet a goodly crowd gathered. We had a red-hot time, a hard-fought prayer meeting, and two souls.

So the campaign progresses, and hopes are high for the Commissioner's meeting on the morrow. Needless to say, our leader has been hard at it all the week, important business of vital issue to our work occupying her from early morn to late eve.

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Norway.

In the Drammen corps, during the week of special efforts among the juniors, over three hundred boys and girls sought salvation.

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The new Territorial Training Home will soon be a bright reality in the history of the S. A. in Norway. It is expected the building will be ready for occupation the latter part of September, and arrangements for four new barracks are being made. It is expected their erection will commence at once.

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A Norwegian Reading Circle, in Chicago, U. S. A., has sent Major Toning, the Slum Secretary 100 kroner (\$27) for the needy in Christiania; also the surplus of the Younger Artists' Carnival in Christiania was donated to the Army for the relief of the suffering people.

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Japan.

Grace-Before-Meat Boxes have been introduced in Japan. Nearly five hundred boxes are already in the hands of soldiers and friends.

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Our women of Japan are taking their place at the front of the battle, notwithstanding the fact that this is altogether contrary to the national practices—the women generally being kept quite in the background.

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A European Ensign in charge of a Japanese corps had to go away on a two months' tour. During her absence two Japanese women—Captain and Lieutenant—were to carry on the local work. On the Ensign's return she found that the two Japs had done splendidly. They had visited the outposts, sold out all the War Crys regularly, done some good visitation, conducted the open-air meetings, and so far as could be seen had left nothing undone. They had also secured some good converts, and one of the Local Officers had applied for officership.

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OUR HISTORY CLASS. **

IV.—The French.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Peace was made, and the Emperor gave Lothar's youngest brother Charles the Province of Lotharing, or Lorraine, as it is now coming to be called.

Lothar died soon after, in 980; and though his son Louis V. was crowned, he only lived a year, and when he died in 987, the great counts and dukes met in consultation with the chief of the clergy, and agreed that, as the Counts of Paris were the real heads of the State, and nobody cared for the Carlings, it would be better to do like the Germans, and pass over the worn-out Carlings, who spoke old Frank, while the Paris Counts spoke the altered Latin, which came to be called French. So Charles, Duke of Lorraine, was not listened to when he claimed his nephew's crown, but was forced to return to his dukedom, where his descendants ruled for full eight hundred years, and then again obtained the empire, as you will learn.

And in 987, Hugues Capet, Count of Paris, was crowned King of France, and from that time French history began. At first it was Gaulish history, then it was Frank history, but at last it has become French history.

The family which began with Robert the Strong exists still, after more than one thousand years, of which it reigned over France for nine hundred at least. It is usually called the House of Capet, from Hugues' nickname, though it would be more suitable to call it the House of Paris. So, remember, three great families—Merovingians, or Merovingians, Frank chiefs; Carlings, or Carolingians, the chief of whom was Emperor of the West; House of Paris, or Capetians, Kings of France.

CHAPTER X.

HUGUES CAPET (A.D. 987-997).

Get one of the older maps of France, where it is in provinces, and not departments, and we will try to show you what it was to be King of France when Hugues Capet was crowned at Rheims. Remember, there had once been a great Ruler of the West; indeed, there was an empire still, only the head of it was a Saxon instead of a Frank, and it had been divided into different nations or tribes, as it were, each ruled over by an officer or count or duke of the Emperor's. Now, the nation had fallen apart in groups, and their chiefs held together according to what suited them, or who was the strongest, and sure with more, some with less, feeling that the Emperor had a right over them all. But as to meddling in the management of a duke or count's province, no emperor or king had any power to do that.

The new king was Duke of France, and Count of Paris, and Guardian of the Abbey of St. Denis. So in the place called the Isle of France he was really master, and his brother Henry was Duke of Burgundy. On the Loire was the great county of Anjou, with a very spirited race of counts; and to the eastward were the Normans or Franks. They and their men were not under the nobles, like the king himself, were descended from the old Franks; but the people in the towns and villages were Gauls, and they all talked the form of broken Latin which was then called the "Langue d'oïl," because "oïl" or "oui" was the word for yes. This has now turned into French. The Normans were French; and in Brittany both duke and people were still old Kymry, and talked Kymric. They and their men were not under the Normans or Franks. They hated the French and Normans, and never paid any homage if they could help it; but the Norman dukes always considered the Britons had been put under them, and this led to plenty of wars.

The southern half of the country had only been overrun from time to time, never subdued or peopled over by the Gauls or Carling times. There the people were less Gaul than Roman, and talked a less altered Latin, which was called "Langue d'oc," because they said "oc," instead of "oui," and it was also called Romance or Provençal. Old Latin learning and manners, with their graces and elegancies, were still kept up in these parts, and the greatest of Aquitaine, near the Pyrenees and the Alps, was an old race called Basques, who seem to be older still than the Gauls, and do not speak their language, but a strange and very different one of their own. The Basques, whose more mixed with the other inhabitants in the plains were called Gascon in France, Vascons in Spain, and were thought great boasters.

(To be continued.)

Po!

THE PRINCIPAL FOOD FOR THE NATIVES OF THE SAND-
WICH ISLANDS.

By SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.

The principal and in fact the favorite food of all classes in Pol. It is a sort of paste made from the root of Kalo (ramunculum), a water plant cultivated to a great extent throughout all the Islands. The root in question much resembles the beet, excepting that it is not red, but brown. It is reared in small inclosures, covered with six or eight inches of water, for, like rice, the Kalo will not flourish on dry land.

The Kalo is much used by the foreign residents as a substitute for potatoes, or rather for bread, being for this purpose either boiled or fried. After being cooked, the root is beaten into a paste. This paste is invariably put aside to ferment; when it has become sour, it is then fit for use; and then to accustom it to the natives, it is not put in its original state, but is mixed with the greatest luxury in the world. The passion for Pol pervades all classes, from the king downwards.

In regard to the cheapness of food, it is proper to state that forty feet square planted with Kalo affords subsistence for one person for a year.

A tract of land one mile square in fields of ordinary grain will feed one hundred and fifty-three persons, while the same extent of land in Kalo will feed 15,151, and probably not more than one-seventy-fifth of that number would be required in its cultivation.



To Parents, Relations, and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evan-gelists Booth, 20 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Missing" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Owners, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second Insertion.

4101. MOORE, JOHN THOMAS. Age 25 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight about 160 pounds. Has dark brown hair, scar on the left side of his face. Left Stratford, Ont., in August, 1900. Was last heard from at Hill-gary, Wash., four months ago. May have gone to North Dakota.

4102. REID, ROBERT THOMAS. Age 21 years, dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. Paris laborer. Last known address, Bittencourt, Ont. Mother very anxious.

4103. PETERSEN, CARL ALBERT. Dane. Butcher. Last address, St. Catharines Street, Montreal, P.Q.

4104. JEGU, JEAN M. I. Born in Commune d'Angon, France. Left France in 1897, for the United States. Silvermith, also worked as an engraver. Gladly received by his friends.

inquire in some miss. Any information gladly received by his friends.



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Coming Events.

T. E. Q. SPECIALS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH will visit North Bay, Sunday, and Monday, May 31 and June 1; Windsor, Wednesday, June 2; Vancouver, Saturday, June 3; and Thursday, June 4; New Westminster, Monday, June 5; Victoria, Tuesday, June 6; Nanaimo, Wednesday, June 7.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER and MRS. FOKERDING will visit Owen Sound, May 30; St. Lippert, June 7; Temple (S.-D. Ingathering), June 8.

ADJUT. and MRS. SIMS, 7. S. Secretaries—Barrie, May 20; Collingwood, May 30, 31, June 1; Meaford, June 2; Owen Sound, June 3; Chatham, June 4; Owen Sound, June 5; Orangeville, June 6, 7; Temple, June 8.

THE PROVINCIAL REVIVALISTS will visit Owen Sound, May 16 to June 3; Little Current, June 1 to June 10; Gore Bay, June 17 to July 1; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., July 2 to July 10; Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., July 17 to July 20.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER TURNER, Lieut. St. Charles, Sunday, May 31; French Corps, Sunday, June 7; Morrisburg, Saturday, Sunday, June 10th and 11th; Cornwall, Saturday and Sunday, June 20th and 21st; Kingston, Saturday Sunday and Monday, June 27th, 28th and 29th; Gananoque, Tuesday, June 30th.

STAFF CAPT. D. OBERSTON will visit Burlington, Friday June 1st; Barre, Vt., Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 6th, 7th and 8th; St. Johnsbury, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 9th, 10th and 11th; Newport, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 12th, 13th and 14th; Sherbrooke, Monday, June 18th; Smith's Falls, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, June 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.

THE HARMONIC REVIVALISTS—Gananoque, June 10 to Monday, June 11st; Brockville, Tuesday, June 2nd, to Monday, June 8th; Morrisburg, Tuesday, June 9th, to Monday, June 16th; Cornwall, Tuesday, June 16th, to Monday, June 22nd; Burlington, Tuesday, June 23rd, to Sunday, June 29th; Barre, Tuesday, June 30th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign White—Galt, May 29, 30, 31; Hespler, June 1, 2, 3. Ensign Johnson—Stellarton, May 30, 31; Westville, June 1, 2; Charlottetown, June 3, 4.

Ensign Mercer—Grand Forks, May 29, 30, 31; Devil's Lake, June 1, 2; Lorneville, June 3, 4; Grand Forks, June 5, 6, 7.

Ensign Poole—Kemptville, June 2, 3; Ogdensburg, June 4, 5.

Household Hints.

Chocolate is generally improved by adding a teaspoonful of strong coffee just before serving.

In adding food to gravels, always use a door dredger, and there will be no lumps in the gravel.

In using sour milk the proportion for gingerbread, biscuits, cake, or almost any dough or batter, is one teaspoonful of baking soda to two cups of sour milk.

If making a gelatin dessert on a hot or wet day, add a little more gelatin than the recipe allows, half as much again if you wish to mould fruit into the jelly.

Eggs in a rangote made by boiling eggs three and a half minutes, roll in broken egg shells, bread crumbs, fry in deep fat; when brown, drain on paper, garnish with parsley, and serve with rangote sauce.

To make a small shortcake take a pint of pastry roll, rub in lard the size of an egg, teaspoonful of tartar, half teaspoonful of soda, salt, and mix with sweet milk. Bake in quick oven, spread with butter and add fruit.

Songs of the Week.

Beautiful River.

A woman-officer, when returning to her corps one day, after attending an officers' meeting, became possessed of a desire to write a song that would bring blessing to her soldiers. The tune, "I will guide thee," was running through her mind, and she decided to write to that. Drawing out her note-book, there and then she jotted down the song as it came to her in the train. She sang it in public the following Sunday. It did not appear to "take," and remained unknown for some years.

One Sunday Commissioner Rees asked that same woman-officer to sing something to the Cadets. She submitted several songs, but none seemed suitable.

"Why don't you write a song yourself?" he queried, and when the words composed in the train were shown him, he immediately said, "Sing those."

This time the song did "catch on"; it became very popular among the Cadets. The writer and singer of the song is now Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Dean. The words first appeared in print in the U.S.A. How they got there the writer has never learned.

Tunes.—*I will guide thee; Room for Jesus; Loves ones gone before.*

Beautiful river, flowing to sever
Chains that have bound us to Satan and sin;
Jesus is able you to deliver,
Claiming His promise, come now and plunge in.

Chorus.

Beautiful river, beautiful river,
Flowing to cleanse and keep us from sin.

Stains that are deep, and sins that are hidden,
Power of evil that forces to wrong;
You shall find freedom, come to the river,
Only believing that Jesus is strong.

Fully delivered and saved to the utmost,
Life shall no longer be failure through sin;
All that had hindered I brought to the river,
Oh, hallelujah, I have plunged in!

When Life is Ended.

BY BANDSMAN ANDY COSGROVE, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Tune.—*Silver threads* (B.J. 19).

2 "Good-bye comrades," said the soldier,
From this world I now must go,
For I hear the Saviour calling:
And my work is done below.
Now I'm glad that I've been faithful,
Death for me has lost its sting;
While the Saviour comes to take me
I can hear the angels sing."

Chorus.

Oh, how sad, when life is ended,
And those pearly gates you see,
Should the angel with the record
Say there was no room for me.

Now, there is another picture,
There, a man who fears to die;
All his sins now crowd around him,
Sin of black and crimson dye.
Of him has the Lord rejected,
Long been numbered with His foes,
Now in vain he cries for mercy,
While the gates of heaven close.

Time is passing quickly, sinner,
Soon your summons, it will come;
Then you'll hear that dread departure,
Or you'll hear that blessed come.
Oh, be wise while light is falling—
Soon your chances will be gone.
Listen to the promise, sinner,
"Whoever will may come."

This is Why I Love Him.

Tune.—*The widow's plea.*

3 I've found a loving Saviour. Oh, what a
Christ have I!
To leave His home in heaven and come on earth
to die.
I think of Him so tender, so gentle, mild, and
good,
To save a world of sinners did shed His precious
blood.

Chorus.

This is why I love Him, He gave His life for
me.
To purchase my salvation they nailed Him to
the tree.
At last He cried, "Tis finished!" then bowed
His head and died.
Oh, what a sight for sinners—my Saviour cruci-
fied!

They mocked Him and they scoffed Him, with
thorns they crowned His head;
As a lamb unto the slaughter, my Saviour, He
was led;
The soldier's cruel spear was driven in His side;
Oh, what a sight for sinners—my Saviour cruci-
fied!

My Saviour is in heaven, where, some day I
shall be;
He says that He is building a mansion there for
me.
I pray I shall be faithful, and in His love abide,
And teach men how to love Him—my Saviour
crucified.

Come Back Again.

Tune.—*Bring back to me my wandering boy.*

4 Where is that comrade that made the Lord
his boast?
Where? Oh, they tell me that he has left his
post;
Ceased from the fighting, he's drifting with the
tide
Far, far from Jesus and His wounded side,
Gone from the battle, his face we see no more
Shining for Jesus in our Army corps;
Oh, how we miss him! though gone we love
him still,
There is no other his place can fill.

Chorus.

Come back again, your place is vacant still,
You have a corner that no one else can fill;
Though you have wandered down the path of
sin and shame,
There is a welcome home to you again.

Then, in the evening, when daily toil is done,
Down to the barracks, this dear soul he would
come,
Only one passion his good life did display—
Souls for His Master, he cried both night and
day;
But in a moment when he forgot to pray,
In crept the tempter and he was led astray,
Back to the bondage of Satan's sinful chain—
Still there's a welcome home for him again.

Jesus Our Friend.

BY BANDSMAN F. IBBOTSON, TEMPLE CORPS.

Tune.—*I've found a Friend in Jesus* (B.J. 7).

5 I'm glad to tell you, sinner, salvation's free
for all.
It will make you very happy day by day,
For the Saviour He has promised to those who
heed the call.
He would take them in and wash their sin
away.
Why should we disobey Him and live in misery,
When He waits to free our captive souls from
sin?

All the past will be forgiven, transgressions
blotted out.
And instead of sorrow you'll have joy within.

Chorus.

He's the Lily of the Valley.

In trials and in conflicts you'll find in Christ a
Friend,
He's a comforter in times of need or pain,
And when tempted by the tempter you may a
conqueror be,
If you'll trust in Him and in His glorious
name.
He'll hear your humble pleading and soothe your
weary soul.
For the healer of life's troubles is our God;
Tis a joy to look to Jesus, a joy to serve Him,
too;
Why not turn now from the path you long
have trod?
Your weary heart is grieving, and longs to be
set free,
And you've wandered long, held captive by
your sin;
Tis just now that Jesus calls you, and waits to
pardon give,
If you'll listen to His knock and let Him in.
You never will be sorry you came to Christ for
peace,
And you let Him lead you by His loving hand;
Then just turn to Christ this moment, while He
is waiting now,
Come and leave your sins, and join our happy
band.

Over Jordan.

BY H. MCCRUM, RIVERSIDE.

Tune.—*Over Jordan.*

6 Though the world is full of care,
And I'm often tempted here,
I've a home that's bright and fair,
Over Jordan.
For my Saviour's gone before,
And He'll open wide the door,
To the joys that are in store
Over Jordan.

Chorus.

Over Jordan, over Jordan,
My dear Saviour I shall see,
Who has done so much for me,
Over Jordan, over Jordan,
For I'll spend eternity
Over Jordan.

Friends, I think 'twill not be long,
Till I join the blood-washed throng,
Hear the Saviour's glad "Well done!"
Over Jordan.
Then earth's trials will be o'er,
When we reach that happy shore,
Oh, what pleasures are in store
Over Jordan.

Come!

BY J. F. JORDAN, LIPPINCOTT CORPS.

Tune.—*Oh, hearts that are broken.*

7 On Calvary's height a scene there appeared,
Some people did mourn, while some of
them sneered;
Our Saviour there died to set our souls free,
He conquered the grave for you and for me.

Chorus.

O hearts that are broken, O mothers that weep,
What billows of sorrow must over you sweep.
O wandering soul, come home to your God,
Come home to the fold, leave the path you have
trod.
This bright Sunday morning Christ says to you,
"Come."

Why still stay away while yet there is room?
Oh, stop, sinner, stop, and think of your doom.
Backsliders, return, He will welcome you home.
Oh, seek Him to-day, He'll turn not away,
The blood still doth flow to save you to-day;
Reject Him no more, no longer delay,
But take up your cross. Oh, come while you
may.